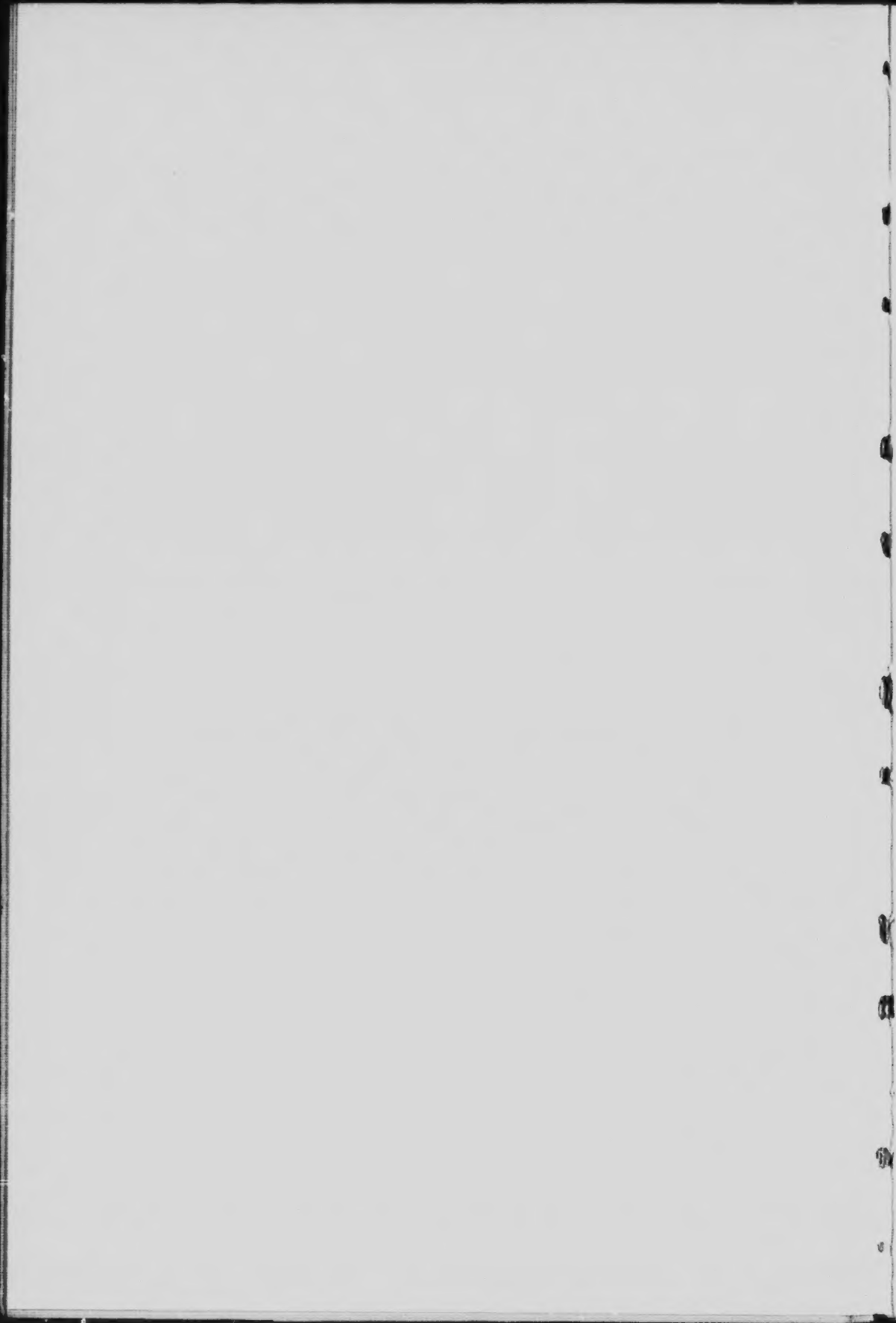


RHYMES OF THE
GOLDEN AGE



GEORGE REITER BRILL



**RHYMES OF THE
GOLDEN AGE**



"I am not a girl," said she,
But I have "Daddy's" name."



"It's wonderful the good they get,
But Jinks! It only makes me wet."

RHYMES OF THE GOLDEN AGE

TEXT AND PICTURES
BY
GEORGE REITER BRILL



TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1908

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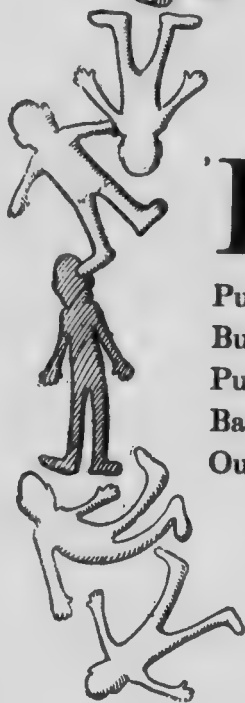
RAIN

I LOVE the rain because I know
It makes the grain and flowers grow.
It's good for ducks and frogs and drakes
And swans and fish and water-snakes.
It falls upon the desert sands
And also on the heathen lands.
It's wonderful the good they get
But jinks! It only makes me wet.



THE RECIPE

ROUND an' 'round, an' 'round we go
'Round the pan o' baking dough ;
Pour molasses, sweet and thin,
Put a pinch o' ginger in,
Butter it an' roll it an'
Put it in another pan.
Bake it crisp and brown, and then,
Out jump twenty ginger men.





BABY'S VISIT

RUMMAGING and skirmishing
Through the musty closets,
Bringing dustily to light⁺
All their old deposits.
Looking for a trundle chair,
Seeking for a dolly ;
Resurrecting broken toys ;
Seems such awful folly.
Hiding all the bric-a-brac,
Cleaning off the tables,
Starting up the furnace fire,
Hunting books of fables.
What a seeming lot of fuss ;
Still, I wouldn't miss it
When my married sister Bessie's
Baby makes a visit.



EVALINA SIMKINS.

MISS EVALINA SIMKINS
Was as bad as bad could be,
She played with fire or water :
Didn't matter which you see.
Now her mother had to leave her
For a pink and purple tea
When Evalina Simkins
Went upon a dreadful spree.

And Evalina Simkins
Simply would not read her books
She yearned for ink and scissors
Or for matches, pins and hooks ;

She poked around the corners
Of the closets, drawers or nooks
'Till her hands were black as charcoal
But she didn't mind her looks.

Bad Evalina Simkins
Sat and sighed for something new
When suddenly from yonder
A witch of Endor flew
Who said, "My little lady
I have waited long for you,
Now come this way my darling
I will show you what to do."

So Evalina Simkins
Sat right down upon the floor
And learned from her a thousand
Tricks she never knew before
With ink and oil and tin and glass
And other things galore,
'Till Evalina Simkins
Could not hold one lesson more.

Poor Evalina Simkins
Pricked her fingers with a nail
Spilled water colors on her neck
And smudged her nose and chin.
The old witch shook with laughter,
Her face was one broad grin,
But Evalina Simkins
Couldn't very well join in.

Then Evalina Simkins
Begged and begged the witch to go,
But she, the cunning wizard,
Wouldn't have it, O, my no!
Said she, "My dear young lady
This is only half the show,"
Which filled poor Evalina's
Little eyes with tears of woe.

Thus, Evalina Simkins'
Mother found when she returned
Her daughter crying, finger
Bleeding, rugs and curtain burned,
While the story of the witch,
Her mother stoutly spurned.
So Evalina Simkins
Got a spanking, richly earned.

Miss Evalina Simkins
Is as good, as good can be,
And she wouldn't play with scissors
Nor with matches : no siree,
There couldn't be a better child ;
So you can plainly see
That her mother now can leave her
For a pink and purple tea.





"The moon came up in silver gilt,
With laughing mouth and nose a tilt,
Just as the night begun."



AN EERIE, CHEERY DREAM.

I DREAMED an airy, merry dream,
An eerie, cheerie one.
The moon came up in silver gilt,
With laughing mouth and nose atilt,
Just as the night begun.

The humble, mumble drone of wasp,
The note of wood pewee,
The creak of cricket near the bog,
The cawing crow and croak of frog
Made witches melody.

And then beneath the soughing pines,
From out the darksome shade,
A thousand glowworms made their ways,
And lightning bugs with lamps ablaze
Enarched the sylvan glade.

Then in the scene a fairy queen
O! so petite, refined,
Came riding on a thistle down
Bedecked in gold from foot to crown,
With pearls and jade entwined.

A hundred thousand four o'clocks
Came sailing, trailing through
The azure haze of laughing moon,
The buzz of bug and cry of loon :
On each, a goblin crew.

I craned and strained my neck and eyes,
But like an arrant dunce
I made a noise—the queen's remark
"There is a boy there in the dark"
Spoiled all my hopes at once.

A thousand took my arms and legs,
A hundred took my head ;
They carried me the live-long night
Until the early morning light
And landed me in bed.

I had an airy, merry dream,
An eerie, cheery one.
The sun looked in with smiling face,
And saw me in my proper place
Just as the day begun.



THE ELEVATOR BOY

AN elevator life for me
Is quite a life of ease,
In going up or going down
As often as you please.

When I grow up to be a man
I'm going to learn the trade,
And wear brass buttons on my coat
With straps of golden braid.

Then, any one who wants to ride
Must bow and scrape and pay
For I will charge a dollar each
To take them either way.

I'll greet the ladies with a smile,
But on the men I'll frown;
And when they call out, "going up,"
I'll yell out, "going down."

There's nothing finer in the world,
There is no greater joy
Than up and down existence of
An elevator boy.





THE BUTTERFLY

TELL me, gorgeous butterfly,
As you gaily flutter by
On your wings so silently,
Do you come from Arcady ?

Through the garden, to and fro,
On your jewelled wings you go,
Like a brilliant ray of light
In your airy, fairy flight.

Here to-day, gone to-morrow,
Short of life and brief of sorrow,
Without worry, without care;
Little peacock of the air.

If you kindly lead the way,
I will follow you some day
To that mystic wonder star
Where your fairy castles are.



FORETHOUGHT

THE sea is very large indeed
And pretty nicely planned ;
For where there is no sea, you see,
It leaves a place for land.



HIS PRAYERS

W'EN I says my prayers at night,
I pray the Lord with all my might
To help me get the prizes at
Our spellin' bees an' such as that.
An' always ask the Lord to make
Me better for my mamma's sake.
I tell you what, it's hard to be
Good as angels is, you see.

W'en I says my prayers at night,
I ask the Lord to guide me right
Es-pecial-ly w'en sleddin' down
Old Simpkins' hill, beyond the town;
To help me in my 'rithmetic,
An' cure my folks, w'en they is sick—
I very seldom miss my prayer,
An' *never* w'en my ma is there.





THE PHILOSOPHER

IT rains upon the cities
And it rains upon the towns.
It rains upon the uplands
And it rains upon the downs.
It rains upon the rivers,
And it rains upon the sea,
But when I wear my mackintosh
It never rains on me



THE HOKEY-POKEY MAN

THE hokey-pokey man is here
While everybody, far and near,
Comes trotting out with keen delight
To satisfy his appetite.
And customers seem quite content
With what he gives them for a cent.

When hokey-pokey man comes nigh
And every person runs to buy,
It is remarkable how many
People seem to have a penny.
The ting-tong of his little bell
Just seems to turn them out pell-mell.





"Considering how good it is,
He gives you quite a lot, Gee whiz!"





Considering how good it is,
He gives you quite a lot, Gee whiz !
And puts it on a paper, too,
And that's a thoughtful thing to do.
No wonder every one who can
Buys from the hokey-pokey man.

I watched him many, many times,
And listened to his luring chimes,
Until he disappeared from sight ;
Jinks ! how I wished I had a bite !
And then I knew just what it meant
To be without a single cent.



A MARVELOUS BED

I HAVE a bed in my room
That is a wonderful prize
For every one who sleeps in it
Must close up both his eyes,
And when he finds his eyes are shut
He dreams and dreams and dreams
Of savage bands in wonder lands,
Of fairy caves and streams,
O'er which he sails and swings and sways
In princely pomp and style;
Then, finally, at six o'clock,
He wakes up with a smile.



THE SNOW MAN

HE stands like a giant
There, guarding the gate,
With a broom in his arm,
Tall, rotund and straight.
While the head and the hat
Are a trifle atilt
On the snow man we built.

A rakish old fellow
With staring black eyes,
Quite ready to fight
Or to spring a surprise.
Now a westering sun
Puts a border of gilt
On the snow man we built.

But lo! the next morning
He's naught but a heap
Of snow, for the enemy
Found him asleep,
And the broomstick is buried
Right up to the hilt
In the snow man we built.



THE FLY

THE fly has wings with which he soars
Away up out of sight,
But thoughtfully returns again
To bother us, all right.

He's useful to the spider
And to other things, perhaps,
Especially to the men who make
Fly-paper and fly-traps.

The fly has fuzzy little legs—
Just six of them in all,
Which carry him conveniently
And stick him to the wall.

He has a thousand tiny eyes,
The keenest kind of ones,
And when he sees a baker-shop
He 'lights upon the buns.



EARLY SPRING

THE robin sits up in a tree
And sings, and sings, and sings,
While mother in the sewing-room
Is sewing on my things.





THE FOG

THE fog comes in from off the sea,
Which is the queerest thing to me.
How it can blur the trees and rocks
And even ships around the docks!

And then I pity sailors who
Must guide their vessels safely through
A fog like that, across the wet
And stormy ocean, you can bet.

And while it's fun sometimes to play
At hide and seek on such a day,
I think we should be gratified
To have a home that's dry inside.



LITTLE VISITORS

WRENS in the trumpet vine—
Listen, now listen!
Hear their soft chirruping,
See their eyes glisten!

Two in the trumpet vine,
Building and nesting,
Deep in the green of it,
Working or resting.

Wrens in the trumpet vine?
Yes, half a dozen.
Yellow mouths open when
Something goes buzzin'!

Rocked by the gentle wind,
Warming each other;
Nodding and chippering,
Waiting for mother.



"Hear their soft chirruping,
See their eyes glisten!"



Soon from the trumpet vine
All will go winging
Out to the wide world, to
Charm with their singing.

Wrens in the trumpet vine?
Quiet is reigning;
Bees in the blossoms are
All that's remaining.





THE CRY-BABY

W'EN my muvver go'ed away
On e choo-choo cars one day,
I des cried an' cried, I did,
Like a kid.

'Cause I fought she maybe would
Stay away fer all an' good,
An' it hurt me down inside
W'en I cried.

Nen our gurl come out an' said:
"Come in here, you dummy head,
Stop your cryin' right at once,
Silly dunce.

"Come an' get a ginger-cake;
Stop that fuss, fer pity sake.
She'll be back again, all right,
Long 'fore night."

Nen my muvver come again
On the vurry nextest train,
An' I laffed an' laffed, I did,
Like a kid.

W'en she hugged me close to her,
Sayin', "What you cryin' fer?"
I des couldn't tell her why
I did cry.





BENEDICTION

GOOD-night,
Sleep tight,
Dream away thy troubles.

Good-night,
Dream light,
Unconcerned as bubbles.

Good-night,
Starbright,
Rest ye from thy sorrow.

Good-night,
Wee mite,
Wake ye on the morrow.



THE GARDENER

I WANT to be a garden-man,
To work amongst the flowers,
To make them grow
With rake and hoe,
And squirt the hose for hours.

O, it would be such ecstasy
To squirt the hose like that,
To give the roses each a drink,
Each peony and flag and pink,
And also squirt the cat.

I hope, when I'm a garden-man,
That zin-ni-as and phlox;
Lady-slippers, shrubs and such
Will thrive beneath my magic touch
Along the garden walks.

Then, if I were a garden-man,
I needn't change my dress
When company calls;
My overalls
Would have to do, I guess.

Then I would smoke a corn-cob pipe,
And I would whet my knife
And scrape the mud-pies off the plow
While telling little youngsters how
I loved this out-door life.

I want to be a garden-man
Whenever I get big,
To mow the lawn with a machine,
To wield the sprayer, scythe and screen,
And dig and dig and dig.



THE SHELL

ONE day, when I was by the sea,
A tiny shell rolled in to me,
All pink and gold and buff and blue,
Escalloped-edged and fluted, too,

It was a mollusk's home, and he
Abode in it, beneath the sea.
How very good of God to give
So fine a house in which to live.

Now I believe that all who can,
Be they a mollusk, maid or man,
That have such handsome homes as these
Should thank the Lord upon their knees.



A LESSON TO THE PROUD

MISS Turnuphernose
Was a bad little maid,
As naughty as she could be;
For if I should say
"How-de-do, little girl?"
She would turn up her nose at me.

If poor little girls
Tried to join in a game
When Turnuphernose was there,
She would saunter away
In a frigid dismay,
And stick her small nose in the air.

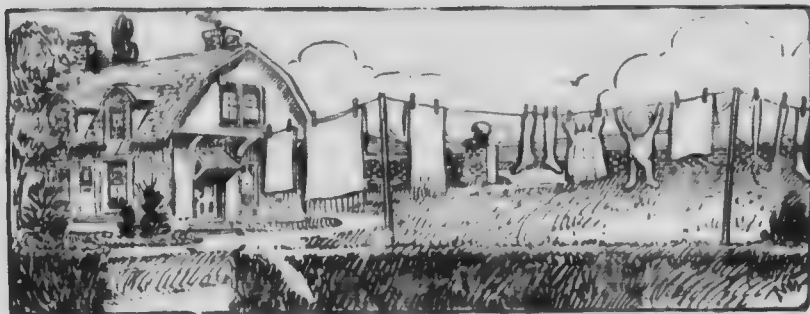


"She would saunter away
In a frigid dismay,
And stick her small nose in the air "



She turned up her nose
At the feeble old souls,
 Turned it up at the church or the play ;
She would turn up her nose
At your house or your clothes,
 In an airily, arrogant way.

She turned up her nose
Once too often, poor child !
 This happened while out on a drive ;
It rained and it blew—
Up her nostrils it flew,
 And she drowned before help could arrive.



CLOTHES-LINE TALES

IT is easy to tell who lives in that well-
Built house with the gambrel roof;
You can see by the clothes,
It's as plain as your nose,
For the clothes on the line are proof.

There's a tiny pink bib, a spread for a crib,
A newly washed white Teddy Bear
Some stockings, a dress,
A bonnet and—guess
What most shows that "Wootsy" lives there—

Is it easy to guess who lives in that pres-
Brick mansion, all carved and gr- led?
Why, yes, by the bows.
The long silken hose
And the petticoats, tucked and frilled—

By the gown on the line sheer stuffy and fine,
By the lingerie, shift or skirt,
The line clearly shows,
As plain as your nose,
The home of Miss Flirty Come Flirt.

But here is a yard that one must regard
With a certain amount of care ;
These are clothes, sure enough,
But they're ragged and rough,
While the house is a fine affair.

A blue-spot, I warrant, all stained and
Might lead us at once to declare
That a bad little boy,
Or a good little boy,
The poor little boy lived there.





A TRUTH

IT often snows up in the North,
And also in the South;
But never snows
Inside of those
Who wisely shut their mouth.



SPRING

ROBINS in the lilac tree,
Oven-birds and chickadee,
Bobolink upon the wing—
Must be Spring.

Flycatcher in the bush,
Meadowlark and water-thrush;
Glint of colors, flap of wing—
It is Spring.

Air is full of merry song,
Scent of blossoms sweet and strong;
Joy and life in everything
In the Spring.

Tree in leaf and bush in bud,
Running sap is at the flood.
All these joys a welcome ring
To the Spring.

Green the earth and blue the sky,
Snows have melted, sun is high;
Warmth and comfort entering
With the Spring.

Buzz of insect, hum of bee,
Life in fullest ecstasy;
Time of year when life is king,
In the Spring.



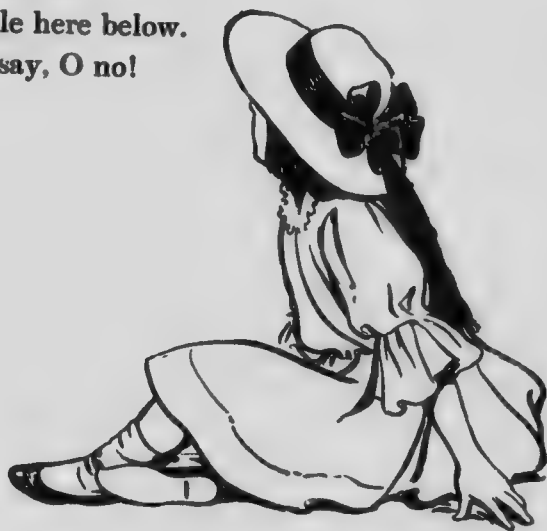


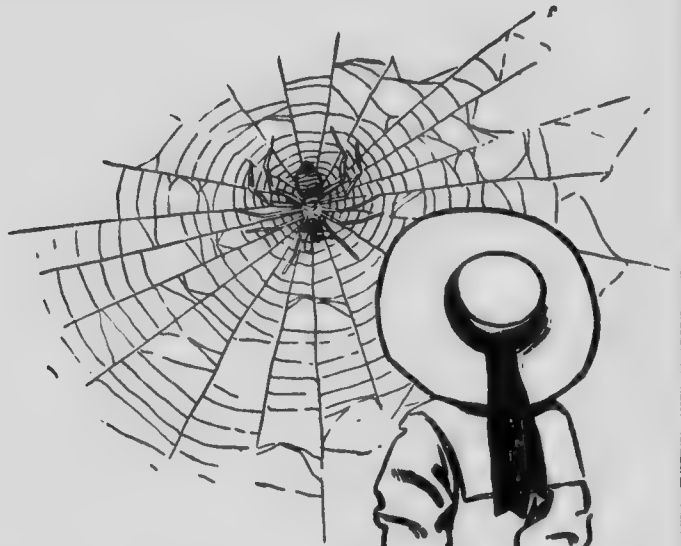
A CHANGE OF MIND

HOW often I have wished to fly
Beyond the fluffy clouds, and sigh
Because I'm not a bird, O my!

And yet should any fairy say:
"Come, be a bird and fly away
Beyond the clouds with me to-day,"

I think I'd hesitate to go
And leave my people here below.
In fact, I think I'd say, O no!





THE CARELESS SPIDER

THE spider spins her silken web
Most anywhere, and I
Have often wondered how it is
That she can catch a fly.

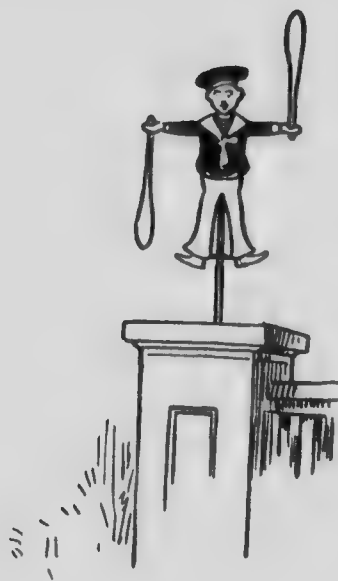
I get impatient now and then,
While sitting there beside her,
So up I jump and catch a fly
And give it to the spider.

Now this may be the reason
That she spins most anywhere,
For, just as long as you supply
The flies, she doesn't care.



"So up I jump and catch a fly
And give it to the spider."





THE SAILOR JACK

EVER see a sailor Jack,
With his jaunty hat of black,
Sailor coat and trousers too—
Goodness gracious! haven't you?

Never had a sailor Jack?
Turns his face or turns his back
In the wind, and then he spins
Both his arms when he begins.

He's a funny little chap,
And he doesn't give a rap,
Whether weather's smooth or rough
If you give him wind enough.

If the breezes blow just right,
He will work all day and night,
And the highest kind of post
Pleases him about the most.

He will wave his arms at you
When he sees you coming, too.
It is fine to have a Jack
Who is glad to see you back.



SUN

THE sun is shining all around,
Except when we have rain,
And then it shines some other place—
As like as not in Spain.

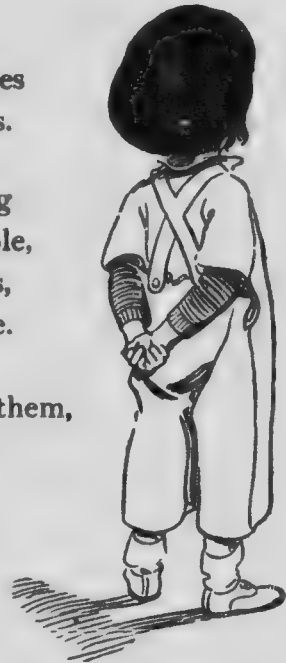
PANTRY SHIPS

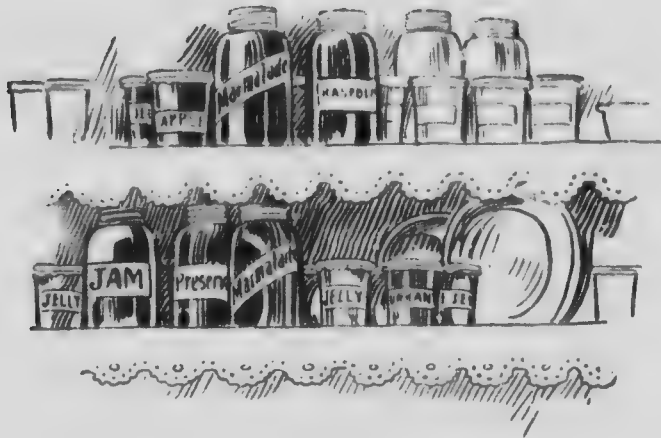
D ID you ever make a visit
To the famous pantry docks,
Were trim vessels stand, full loaded,
Midst the glasses, pans and crocks?

These tiny little vessels stand
Full loaded to their tips
With the queerest, sweetest cargoes
That have ever passed your lips.

There are dozens of them waiting
There to sail, when they are able,
To the country of the gourmands,
To the land of Plate and Table.

There's names upon the hulls of them,
Like Jam and Marmalade;
Some called Preserves or Jelly,
According to their grade.





The crew, composed of knives and forks
And spoons, by hook or crook,
Unload the luscious lading,
And the captain is the cook.

There are vessels in the pantry,
There are vessels on the seas,
And they all go fast and farther
Just before a spanking breeze.



EASY TRAVELS

COME and take a trip with me
Through the big geography,
Where, in winter, we can go
To a place where orchids grow.

Where along the torrid zone
Waters never turn to stone;
And the natives, great or small,
Wear no coverings at all.

What a nice thing to remember,
While we watch the burning ember,
And the snow beats on the pane,
We can fly to sunny Spain!

We can go by easy stages,
Just by turning over pages,
To the land of midnight sun,
Land of Turk or land of Hun.

Any evening, after tea,
Get the big geography;
Ask your nurse to go with you—
We will show her that it's true,



THE ROBBERS

LET us crawl,
Creep or sprawl
Through the crumbling
garden wall.

Then we sneak
Up the creek,
'Mongst the nodding larkspur tall.

Hold our breath,
Still as death,
In this clump of golden glow.

Here is gold,
Robber bold,
Put it in your waistband, so.



"Then we sneak
Up the creek,
'Mongst the nodding larkspur tall."



Now we turn
Through the fern
Back again behind the stable;

Then with pleasure
Put our treasure
In a vase upon the table.

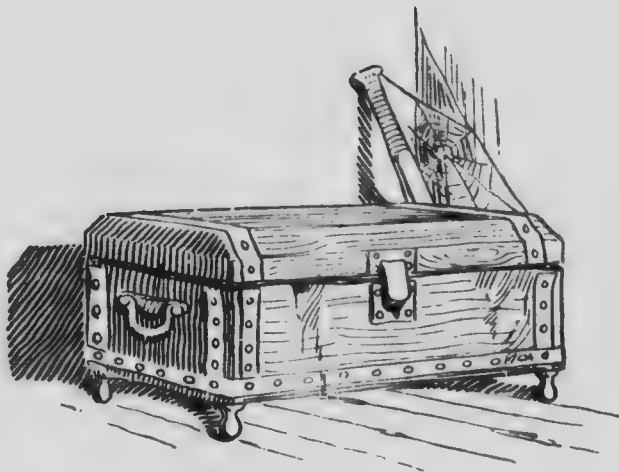


A WONDERFUL DOLL-HOUSE

THE roof of my doll-house is domelike,
Thatched in a golden brown;
And the vines, like tumbling ringlets,
From the eaves come rippling down.

Two azure eyes for windows,
With tears to keep them clean;
Two little lids for window-shades,
And lashes, for fringe, between.

A tiny pink nose as an awning
To shadow the ruddy, round door;
And one little tooth for the knocker.
With a cunning red tongue on the floor.



THE GONE LITTLE BOY

THERE in the dingiest corner it stood,
Dirty, discolored and old;
Festoons of spider's web draped it around,
'Mid dampness, corrosion and mould.

Rust had devoured both the hinges and lock,
Lying there, year after year;
For none had disturbed the treasure-trove since
The gone little boy was here.

Merely a box he had fashioned himself,
He called it his treasure chest,
Like one Captain Kidd on the island hid,
In the story he loved the best.

Mute in their dust-covered, mildewy shroud
The gains of his prowess lay—
Bright pieces of glass, nails, beeswax and brass,
Toad-stickers, fish-hooks and clay.

In tin or bent wire, in each tangled line,
In every small toy was a tear—
We put them away and wished back the day
The gone little boy was here.

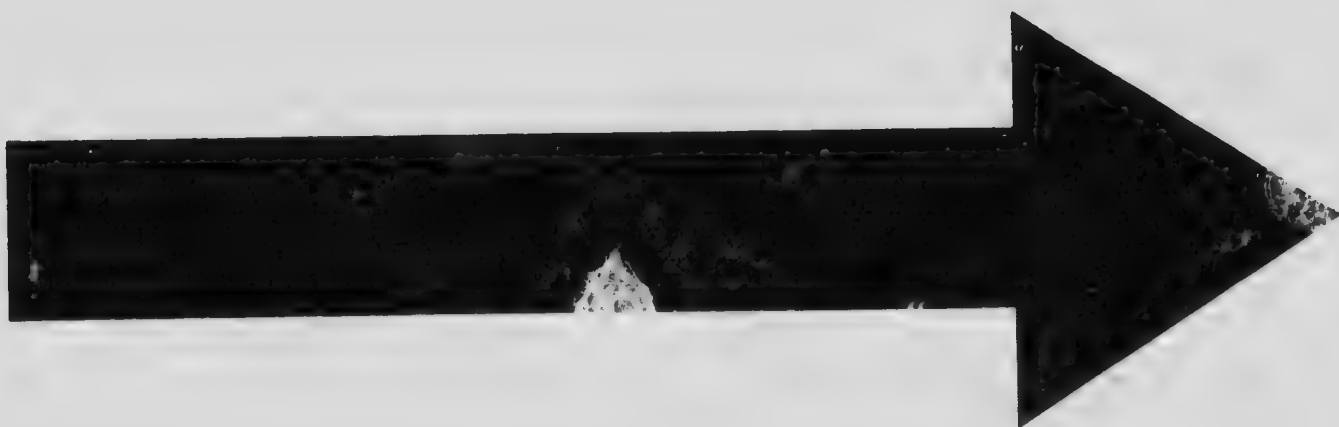


CRY LANGUAGE

THE babies cry in queer Japan.
The babies cry in Rome,
The babies cry in Hindustan,
They also cry at home.

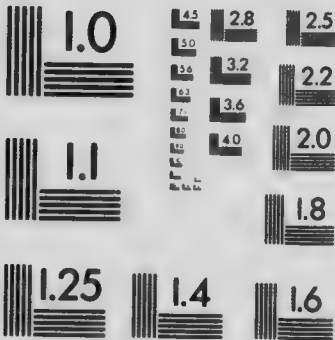
They cry in warm Arabia,
They cry in Newfoundland,
In Africa, Calabria,
And on the desert sand.

Now whether off on Sinai
Or just in Germany,
The language that the babies cry
Is all alike to me.



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A MODERN SINBAD

WHEN grandpa was a sailor
On the blue and wavy sea,
He sailed a little vessel
Which he called the Lottie Lee.

The Lottie Lee was forty feet,
When measured over all,
And carried fish and lumber
To the port of Aspinwall.

The Lottie Lee was marvelous,
And sailed so fast that she
Could beat an ocean liner
On the blue and wavy sea.

Could beat an ocean liner,
For my grandpa said she could,
And when my grandpa said it
Why, of course, 'twas understood.

When grandpa was a sailor,
Why, the voyages he took
Just sounded like a story
From a fairy story book.

One time he saw a sperm whale
Off twenty miles at sea
That wagged its tail, the breeze of which
Capsized the Lottie Lee.

And once they struck a tempest
And they went so fast, you know,
They didn't strike the water
For at least a mile or so.

It makes one feel like being
A roving sailor too,
But, chances are, no funny things
Would happen me or you.



HOT SPELL

WHEN you hear the katydids
In the meadow lot,
It will be a hummer summer
Just as like as not.

Locusts buzzing in the pine,
Now a whiff of breeze;
Roads all dusty—surely must be
Ninety-two degrees.

Now I wonder if the locusts
Are as hot as I?
All a-buzzin' by the dozen,
Up there in the sky.

Hot as cotton in the city—
You can always know
When the crickets in the thickets
Come and tell you so.









George Reiter Brill

"For people, all,
In accents mild,
Will say, 'O what
A lovely child!'"



GLORY

'**T**IS always best
To be polite
From early morn
Till late at night,
And never once
Forget to show
The best of manners
That you know.
For people, all,
In accents mild,
Will say, "Oh, what
A lovely child!"



AN OBVIOUS ENDING

MISS Dorothy Blair
Went out to the fair,
A fair in a village near by;
The heat was intense,
So she spent thirty cents
In eating ice cream on the sly.

Then Dorothy Blair
Got thirsty, and there
Was beautiful pink lemonade
In glasses—five cents—
Her thirst, so immense,
Just cost her a dime, which she paid.

Now Dorothy Blair,
With a truc-u-lent air,
Thought peanuts exceedingly good;
She purchased a lot,
Fresh roasted and hot,
And ate them as fast as she could.

Then Dorothy Blair,
Procuring a pear,
A peach and an apple or two,
Sat down in the shade
Of a tree and she stayed
Until she was sick through and through.

A week from that day,
In passing that way,
You could see, near the grounds of the fair,
A mound al' a'one,
And cut in a stone
The name of Miss Dorothy Blair.



KINSHIP OF TEAR.. AND SMILES

AS far as far Australia is,
Or icy Newfoundland,
In China or in Hindustan,
Or Afric's sandy strand,

There are no people in the world,
On island, mole or reef,
Who do not quickly sympathize
With baby's tears of grief.

In all those teeming continents,
Amongst these tiny isles,
There is one other blessing—that
T' all love baby's smiles.



THE KING OF FIDDLESTICKS

I MET the King of Fiddlesticks—
O, dear me!
Riding with his man, Von Blix,
Yes, sir-ee!

The King was in his char-i-ot,
A char-i-ot that he had got
For being King, as like as not.

The King of Fiddlesticks was fat—
O, dear me!
As fat as any cider vat,
Yes, sir-ee!

A crown of moss was on his head,
He wore a cloak of flaming red,
And in his hand a staff of bread.

The chamb-er-lain was like a pin—

O, dear me!

So very lanky, tall and thin,

Yes, sir-ee!

The horses sped with main and might,

The King and minister held tight,

Which was a most entrancing sight.

I bowed and scraped like everything—

O, dear me!

I cried, "Hoo-rah! Long live the King!"

Yes, sir-ee!

But as the horses onward sped,

The King looked back and shook his head,

And "Doodle-dum" was all he said.



LAND OF THE BY AND BY

HUSH, baby dear, don't weep;
Hush, baby dear, don't cry;
There's trouble enough

In the time to come;

There's sadness to all,

There's pleasure to some,

In the province of by and by.

There, baby love, don't sob;

There, baby love, don't sigh;

Wet not thy cheek

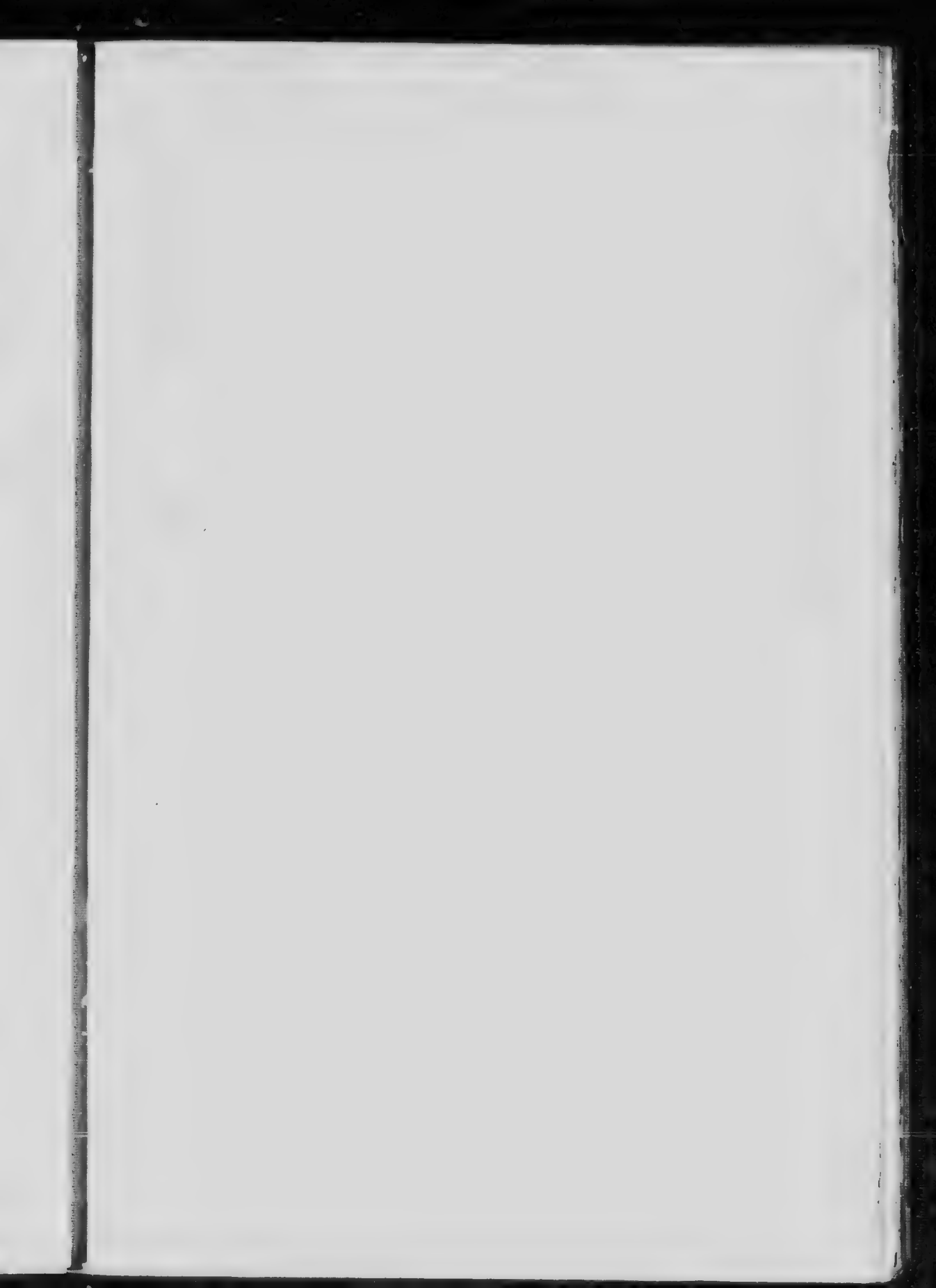
With the salty tear

In thy golden youth,

With joy so near,

For there's time in the by and by.

List, baby sweet, don't grieve;
List, baby sweet, don't try
To fret for the things
 So passing small;
 Smiling is better,
 And tears only fall
In the land of the by and by.







"And I waken on the morrow
With a new and happy vigor,
One day older, one day bigger."



SLEEPY TIME

YES, I love my little beddy,
Where I'm nearly always ready,
When the night comes, dark and creepy,
To curl up and go to sleepy.
There I dream away my sorrow,
And I waken on the morrow
With a new and happy vigor,
One day older, one day bigger.
So I work or play or study,
Getting wise and tall and ruddy.
Then when night comes, dark and creepy,
I curl up to go to sleepy
In my com-fort-able beddy,
For I'm nearly always ready.



THE CASTLE OF MAKEBELIEVE

A WAY over there is a castle of air,
Farther than you can see—
Much farther away than a year and a day—
As far as a thought *can* be.

It sets on the hill which is called Shallorwill,
Near the river of Wishihad,
Whose waters of gold have for centuries rolled
To the ocean of Mightyglad.

The king of the realm wears a sceptre and crown,
Jeweled with stars and things;
His vestments of state are e-lab-o-rate,
While the horse that he rides has wings.

Off there, by themselves, amongst dragons and
elves,

The princesses wait serene
For a suitor, some day, who may fare that way
In a chariot, gold and green.

This castle, afar, where the princesses are,
Is the castle of Makebelieve;
And when you get there in your trundley chair,
You never, O, never, will leave.





SATISFIED

ALTHOUGH I don't know many things,
I'm happier, I guess,
Than if I were like people that
I know, that know much less.





BUBBLETOWN

EVER hear of Bubbletown,
Where you lay your troubles down—
Lay your troubles down and then
Never pick them up again?

Never hear of Bubbletown,
Home of giants of renown,
Where the things you like come true,
Nearly as you wish them to;

Where the streets are paved with gold?
Crystal hills and mountains bold
Rise above the silver streams
In this wonderland of dreams.

Boats in motion, ships at rest,
Rocking on the river's breast;
Kites a-flying overhead,
Barking dogs of gingerbread

Sweetest music everywhere,
Smell of roses in the air;
Never labor, always rest—
Anything you like the best.

Elves and fairies skim about,
Kings and queens go in and out
Of great castles, and they smile
Sweetly every little while.

My! but it's a splendid trip,
Whether sleeping-car or ship.
Don't forget to write it down—
B-u-b-b-le-town.



HARD WORK

MY Aunt Sarai, she said she
Would like to be a bird and fly
On wings of love, jes' like the dove,
Away up in the sky.

But if she had to hunt fer worms
All day in the hot sun, I know
That she would rather be an aunt,
To sit an' rock an' sew.

Because I hunted worms, I did,
Fer Uncle; an' he said to get
A tincan full; an' they was jes'
The hardest things to find, you bet.

An' if I had to hunt fer worms,
Like birds, from morning until night,
I'd rather be a boy or aunt
Than all the birds in sight.



WHAT BECOMES OF THE MOON

WHEN nights are very, very dark,
And Mr. Moon has gone away,
I often wonder what becomes
Of him, and where he goes to stay.

I notice, too, that now and then
A new moon shines to make it light;
And then your folks can prom-e-nade
Awhile upon the streets each night.

I think they cut the old moon up
Whenever he becomes too dim;
They cut him up in little bits
And make the stars with him.







"When she was a baby, she
Sat upon her grandpa's knee,
Right beside the Zuyder Zee."



RIGHT BESIDE THE ZUYDER ZEE

WHEN my grandma was a wee
Little girl, she said that she
Lived beside the Zuyder Zee.

And we used to sit and stare
When she told of gardens there,
With big windmills everywhere;

And about the queer old boats,
Funny bridges, ancient moats,
Dykes and dogs and nanny-goats,

Which she told us with as much
Pride as if there were no such
Folks on earth quite like the Dutch.

When she was a baby, she
Sat upon her grandpa's knee,
Right beside the Zuyder Zee,

Where the daffodils sound,
Watched the windmills go around,
Heard the boatman's milk-horn sound.

O, I wish it had been me,
Sitting on her grandpa's knee,
Right beside the Zuyder Zee!



THE HIGHWAY OF DREAMS

OLD Winkety Blinkety cometh to hand,
A-crying, a-whining,
To carry my lady to Nid-Noddy land,
Where castles of fairies and palaces stand
On silvery beaches, on glittering sand,
A-glowing, a-shining.

Old Winkety Blinkety shutteth thine eyes
So lightly, so tightly,
That lady-bye reacheth the place of surprise
Long before next morning's sun shall arise,
Away to those planets beyond the dark skies,
So quickly, so lightly.

Old Winkety Blinkety maketh thy dreams
Go smoothly, go spryly
Over the tide of the silvery streams,
Over the moon with its lustrous gleams,
As quick as a blink—in a moment, it seems,
Too swiftly, *too* slyly.



CARELESS ISABELLE

ONCE a girl named Isabelle
Lived in perfect idle-ness,
With her stockings hanging down
And the buttons off her dress ;

Petticoat in rents and rips;
Lace just hanging loose in rows—
Every day a trifle worse
From her head down to her toes;

Shoes all muddy; hat awry;
Bits of breakfast on her lips;
Hair quite tangled in a mat;
Chocolate on her finger-tips.

Now one day she took a stroll
Through a wood, where witches live,
And she met an old witch who
Changed her to a garden sieve.

Said the witch: "It's very plain
Isabelle just had to be
A garden sieve, for very few
Have so many holes as she."

Children who are always good,
Keeping clean and keeping well,
Never change to sieves and things,
Like poor, careless Isabelle.



SANTA CLAUS SEASON

WINTER comes howling,
Comes blowing, comes
freezing ;

Children go puffing,
Old men go wheezing.

Snow comes a-whirling,
Comes drifting, comes falling—
Time to be sledding,
Time for snow-balling.

Ice in the rivers
And sleigh-bells a-jingle;
Noses all crimson,
Fingers a-tingle.

Icicles hanging
From arch and from gable;
Frost on the windows,
Lights on the table.

Winter comes howling,
Comes laughing, with reason;
For, don't you see,
It is Santa Claus season.



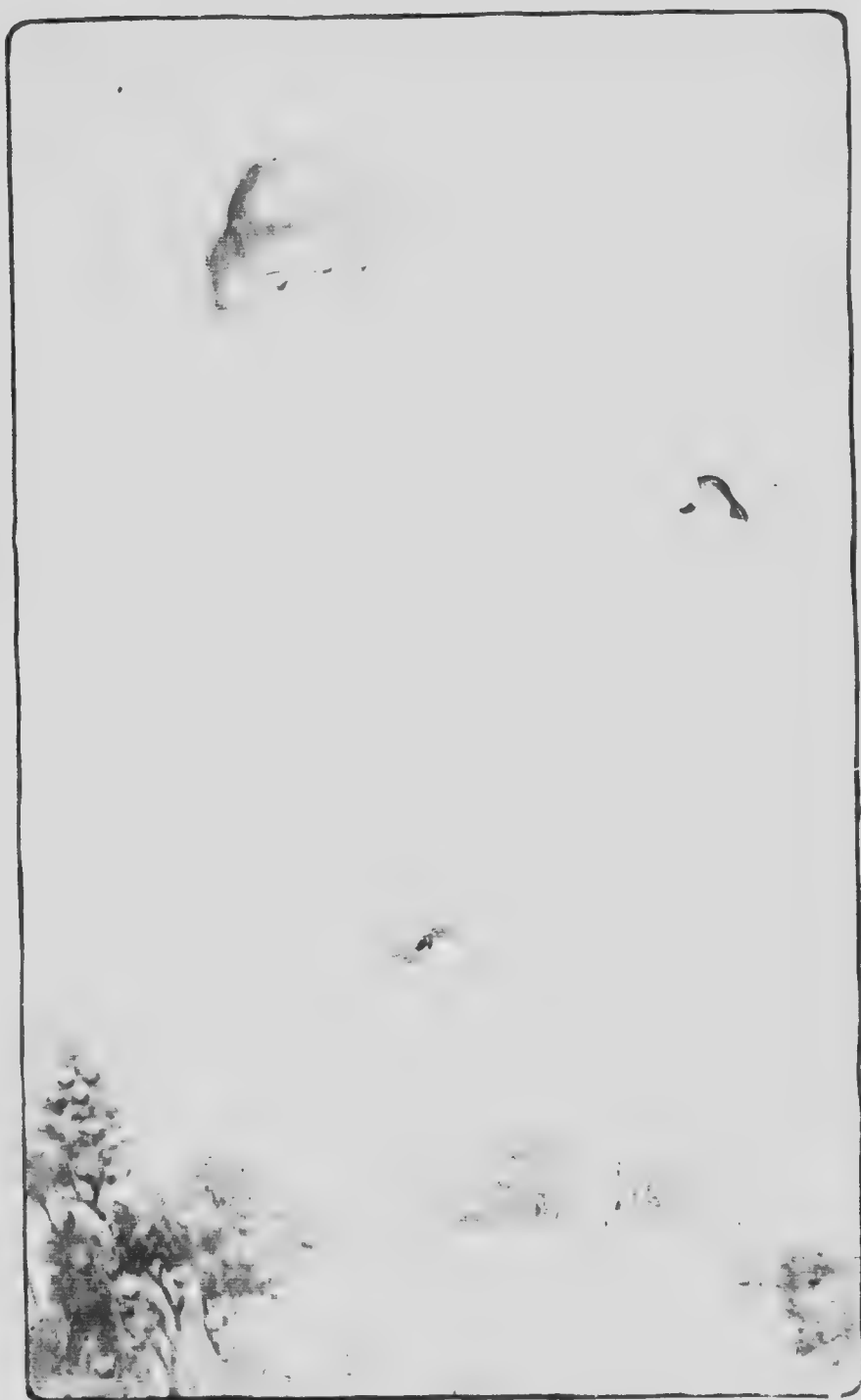
THE GOOD DOG

I HAD a dog with spots of black
All down the middle of his back,
Who barked at every passer-by
And wagged his tail when I came nigh.

Whenever I had sugar, he
Would very often follow me
Or any other one who might
Have sugar anywhere in sight.

He was a hunting dog by day—
He'd rather hunt for bones than play.
Hunting dogs are nice to keep,
Es-pe-cial-ly when they're asleep.







"The great wide world, so full of things,
A-rolling under you."



A FANTASTIC TRIP

I LOVE to watch the fluffy clouds
Go slowly drifting by,
Like giant lumps of eiderdown,
Away up there so high.

And would it not be wonderful
To lie on one and view
The great, wide world, so full of things,
A-rolling under you ?

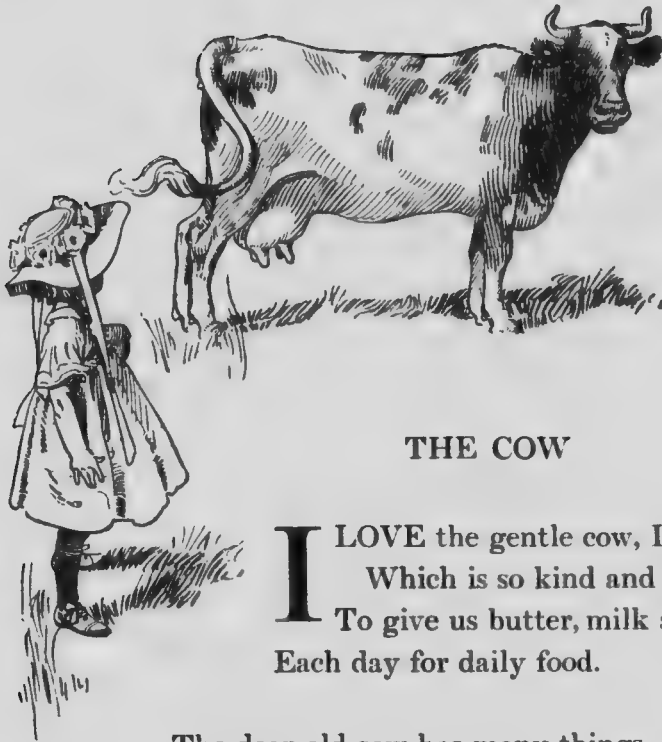
O, what a novelty to see
The hawks and eagles go—
To watch them from above, like that,
Instead of from below !

Then wouldn't it be glorious,
A-going through the air,
To visit each and every star,
To see who lives up there?

To gaze down on the house-tops of
The lazy Mex-i-can,
Upon the frowsy Manganese
Or queer Armenian?

And when a man in a balloon
Came sailing up to you,
My! wouldn't he be frightened when
You called out, "How-de-do?"



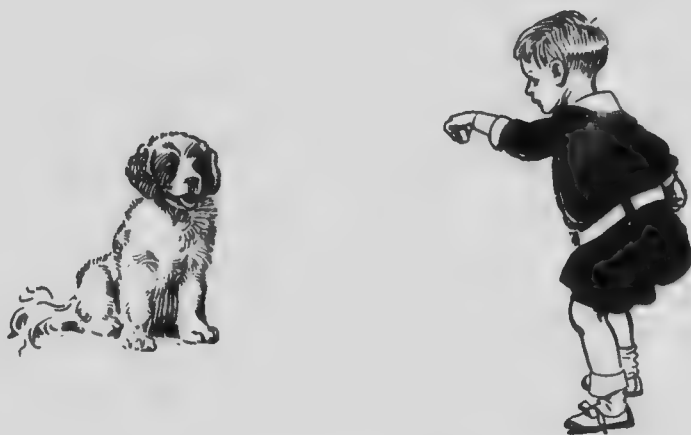


THE COW

I LOVE the gentle cow, I do,
Which is so kind and good
To give us butter, milk and cream
Each day for daily food.

The dear old cow has many things
Beside, that we can use,
Like steaks, and roasts, and combs, and glue,
And pocket-books and shoes.

And we should never chase the cow,
Like naughty children do;
It is not right—and then, besides,
She might chase after you.



THE WONDERFUL PUP

WE has a little woolly pup
That jes' stands up and begs
'Most like a beggar man, it does,
On its two hindest legs.
Then when you hold some sugar up,
He tries to get a lick,
And jumps and bites your finger
If you don't be mighty quick.

He jes' don't mind nobody but
My pa, and even then
That little rascal runs away
And don't come back again.
And offen when we open doors,
He gets right out so slick
That he's clear down to Jones's
If you don't be mighty quick.

Once a week ma washes him
In our old kitchen pail,
And when she's done, he is so glad
He wags his little tail.
But pa and me, we take him down
And jounce him in the creek,
And he sprinkles us all over
If we don't be mighty quick.

One time he runned away, he did,
To where the river bends,
And he got stinged by bumble-bees
All over both his ends.
Ma says he is the dumbest dog
A-learning any trick;
But, tell you what, he fools you
If you don't be mighty quick.



UNDUE PENANCE

A MERRY Christmas to you all!"
On Christmas morn is mother's
call.

"Now hurry, take your baths and see
What Santa Claus put on the tree."

But Dorothy, in great despair,
Exclaims: "O ma! that is not fair
To make us bathe instead of play.
I thought this was a holiday."



WE SHOULD BE SATISFIED

WE should be satisfied
When it is raining;
We should be comforted

When it is wet—
Think of the glory the
Rivers are gaining;
Think of the good that
The gardens will get.

We should be gratified
When it is snowing;
We should sing merrily
When the winds blow—

Ships on the ocean
Depend for their going;
Forests arise from
The seeds that they sow.

We should sigh thankfully
When it is sunny;
We should judge thoughtfully
When it is dry—
Nothing in nature is
Awkward or funny;
All is to honor the
Maker on high.

THE NEW KITTY

SHE'S just a new kitty,
Soft, woolly and pretty,
As pretty as kitties can be;
With a teeny gold bell,
Blue ribbon, as well,
On her neck, when they bring'd her to me.



I call her Miss Fluff,
And I love her enough
To squeeze her to death, I do;
And there's nothing so cute
As to see her just scoot
Up a tree when she's mad with you.



She squeaks plenty more
Than the ones at the store,
If you squeeze her enough. An' whew!
When she plays with a string
Or some such a thing,
She scratches your fingers up, too.

On each of her toes
Some little thorns grows;
She has a black spot on her eye;
But if a grasshopper
Comes near, you can't stop her—
She grabs him before he gets by.

At night when she goes
To her beddy, I s'p'ose
She dreams of the things that were,
For when I go near
Very close with my ear
There are noises inside of her.



RECOLLECTIONS

OVER there in Beaches Creek,
Right by Cobbs's Landing,
Is the swimmin'-hole we like;
Where that elm is standin',
That's where skinny Coperthwaite
Very near got drowned,
An' we barely got him out
When the school-bell sounded.



A SAD SEA TALE

ONCE a mermaiden sat
On a rock in the sea,
And sighed in a manner
Dis-courage-ing-ly.

“I wish there was something
But water and sky,”
She said to herself, with
A tear in her eye;

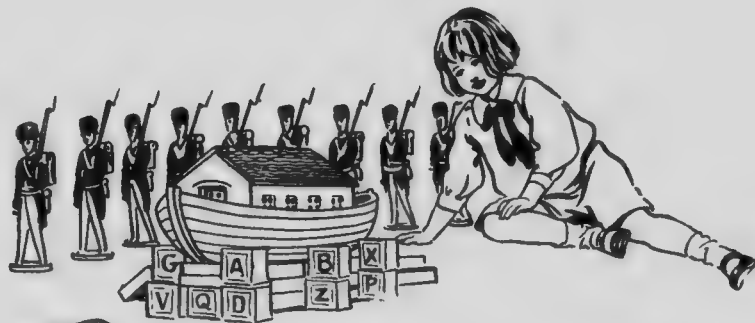
When off in the distance
A boat she espied,
And in it a sailor—
“How lucky!” she cried.

“For many long years I
Have wanted a boy,
So here is one coming
At last—joy! O, joy!”

Then she dived in the sea
And swam with all speed
To the boat, but the action
Was foolish, indeed;

For when she came near him,
The boy looked around
In fear, then jumped over
The side and was drowned.

Now the ocean is salty
Clear through to its bed
From the sad saline tears
Which that mermaiden shed.



THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

WHEN I was sick and couldn't go
To school, I planned the biggest show
That ever was on earth before,
Right here upon the nursery floor.

Old Noah's Ark, upon the rocks,
And mountains made of building-blocks,
Supplied the animals in pairs
That reached out nearly to the stairs.

A train of cars performed one act
By going 'round upon its track;
While in the central ring there were
Some dollies riding horses there.

An elephant, a rubber ball,
And Teddy Bears made fun
for all.

Then 'round the edge a
regiment
Of brightest-colored soldiers
went.



NIGHT CRAFT

OVER the pillows,
Under the slips,
Speed the odd vessels,
Sail the queer ships.

Under the blankets,
Over the sheets,
Drift the dream barges,
Fly the vague fleets.

Nod is the captain,
Sleep is the crew,
You are the passenger—
Safe trip to you!

NO SCHOOL TO-DAY



'T IS early in the dawning,
And robin in the tree
Sings: "Wake, ye sleepy youngsters,
To have a lark with me!"

Then forty score of sparrows
Join in the chorus, too—
"Awake, awake, awake, awake,
You sleepy sleepers, you!"



The sun is in his heaven,
The dew to pearls congealed;
The bunny's in the lettuce patch,
And blackbirds are afield.



Make haste, ye drowsy youngsters!
Wake up, wake up, I say!
Remember, this is summer-time,
There is no school to-day.



ers,





"I set my boats upon its waves
And float them on its tide."



AMBITION

IN summer, when we go away
To live down by the sea,
Where all the sailor people are,
I take my boats with me.

At first, like any merchant prince,
I travel and explore
To find a harbor for my fleet
Along the sandy shore.

And when I find an inland pond
That's long enough and wide,
I set my boats upon its waves
And float them on its tide.

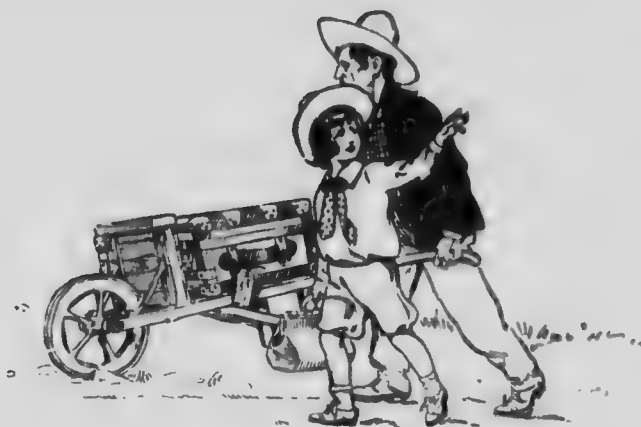
I play that far Arabia
Is at the farthest end,
With India and Palestine,
To which my ships I send.

And then, like Mr. Gulliver,
I guide each tiny craft,
All loaded down with merchandise,
Like big ones, fore and aft.

At this I play each day to get
Great knowledge if I can,
For everyone should start in young
To be a sailor man,

So that some day, when big enough,
My ships will then take me
To really places far away,
Across the really sea.

O, I should love a sailor's life
Out on the bounding main,
To sail afar to Malabar,
And then—sail back again.



THE GOOD BAD BOY

WHEN the bad little boy
Said his last farewell,
When he uttered his last good-by,
Not a mortal could say
Nor a soul could tell
Why the parting produced a sigh.

But he did go away,
And he left, I vow,
An ache and a lack of cheer.
No one knew then—
We all know now
Why the parting produced a tear.

We felt, as the life
And the light and the joy
Went with him beyond recall,
A bad little boy
Is a good little boy
When there's no little boy at all.



ANGEL FIREWORKS

WHEN you hear the rolling thunder,
Do not weep, my baby child;
Or the flashing of the lightning
In the heavens, fierce and wild.

When you hear the rumbling thunder
And the lightning quirks and
It is just the little angels
Setting off their fireworks

When you hear the booming thunder,
Do not cry, my baby love;
It is only roman-candles
And sky-rockets up above.



THE FARMER, THE RABBIT AND THE FOX

OUT in his garden
A farmer went hoeing
Where, in abundance
Green lettuce was growing.
“Ah!” said the fox,
“Aye!” said the bunny
“Yea,” cried the farmer
“I have a fine showin’

Down in the briars
A bunny sat sighing,
Sighing for lettuce.
So soul-satisfying.
“Yum!” said the fox,
“Aye,” said the farmer.
“Fie!” sighed the bunny,
“There is no denying.”

Yon by the woodland
A red fox is peeking
Out of the elders,
And silently sneaking.
"Hark!" cried the farmer,
"List!" said the bunny,
"Bunny," said Reynard,
"Is just what I'm seeking."



Out in the garden
The farmer went gunning,
Where in the lettuce
A bunny went running.
"Woof!" said the fox,
"Ouch!" cried the bunny,
"Ha!" laughed the farmer
"These bullets are stunning."





THE EARLY RISER

MOST every morning when I wake,
I cry for my mamma to take
Me up and put my creepers on,
That I may play upon the lawn.

And though she quickly dresses me,
She does it rather yawningly,
And says: "I wish that you would stay
Asleep till six A.M. some day."

But even mother does not know
That fairies all must go below
The ground before the coming dawn,
And I must catch them ere they've gone.



BRINGING IN THE HAY

RATTLE, rattle, bumps the wagon
Down the rutty road;
Creaky, squeaky, go the axles,
With their heavy load.

Hear the merry laugh of children,
Hear the horses neigh!
It is such a jolly business,
Bringing in the hay.

Good smells coming from the kitchen,
Chimney smoking hard;
Cattle mooing in the stable,
Men around the yard.

Pitchforks sticking in the shingle
Don't look much like play;
Everybody up since daylight,
Bringing in the hay.





THE CUSTARD PIRATE

OUT upon the splashing waters
Of the stormy Abee Sea
Roams a savage custard pirate
In his black ship, "Piepanee."
Cruel, crusty custard pirate
Scours the ocean constantly.
Rich, old sallow custard pirate,
With his crew, Debility,
And his captain, Indigestion,
All most terrible to see,
Pacing up and down their vessel—
Grim old vessel, "Piepanee,"
From whose deck old custard pirate
Keeps his eye on you and me,
Looking sharp for naughty children
Who deserve no sympathy—
Naughty, over-eating children,
Not the good ones—no, sir-ee.



IF I WERE A FAIRY QUEEN

IF I could be a fairy queen,
I'd do it very gladly,
Then I would give you little ones
Each thing you wanted badly.

I'd give you cakes and candy,
All the ice cream you *could* eat,
And I'd load you down with presents
From your shoulders to your feet.

I'd take you to my fairy caves,
Where tiny goblins dance,
And show you elves and mermaids—
Yes, I'd give you all a chance.

But you'd be so tired and sleepy,
And so sick with eating, too,
That, if I were a fairy queen,
'Twould be the last of you.



WHICH KIND ARE YOU?

SOME good children help their mother,
Help themselves and help each other,
Speak the truth and answer sprightly,
“Thank you, father!” most politely.

Other children say, “O, bother!
I don’t want to do that, father.”
Then in anger off they scuffle,
With their tempers all a-ruffle.

But worst of all are those who say,
“I can’t, I won’t, I sha’n’t obey!”
And these, whose wills you cannot
bend,
Are apt to come to some bad end.





SENTIMENT

I LOVE to see the gentle snow,
Particularly when I know
How cold it is and drear,
While I am warmly snug and tight
Within the mellow candle-light,
Beside the fire in here.

I sit and pity those who roam
Abroad, without a house or home,
And then I quite regret
That I had liked to see the snow,
Particularly when I know
How cold it is, and wet.

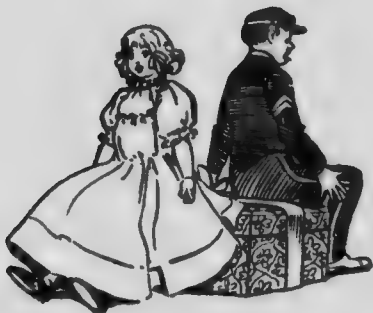
And yet

I love to see the gentle snow,
Because I have a sled, you know,
And on the morrow, when
The ground is covered smooth and white,
What care I for candle-light
Or glowing embers then?



A LITTLE ADVICE

SPEAK promptly
When you're spoken to,
And tell the truth,
What else you do;
That it may be,
For you and me,
A habit
After while, you see.



REVENGE

A LADY of wax
And a soldier of tin
Were placed on a box
With some peppermints in;
But, being embarrassed,
They both turned their backs—
The soldier of tin
And the lady of wax.

A flaxen-haired child
Hurried into the store
To purchase some pep-
permints—not a thing more.
The lady of wax
And the soldier of tin,
Thrust rudely aside,
Plainly showed their chagrin.





The flaxen-haired child
Saw the plight and the facts
That bothered the soldier
And lady of wax,
And smiled at the man
Of the shop, as she said:
"I think I will take
These two dollies instead."



The lady of wax
And the soldier of tin
Were wedded that day
'Mid the fuss and the din
Of wedding-day rush,
And the shopman was there
To give them away—
The now happy pair.



When he sent in his bill
For the groom and the bride,
The flaxen-haired child
Very calmly replied:
"You gave them away
At the wedding, you see,
So shouldn't expect
Any money from me."

The lady of wax,
The flaxen-haired child
And the soldier of tin
Simply chuckled and smiled.
"We're even at last
With a man in whose shop
A bride can be bought
Like a peppermint-drop."





A TELEPHONE MESSAGE

TINKLE, tinkle, telephone,
Can't you get him? What's the cause?
Give me North Pole, twenty-one.
Hello! Is that Santa Claus?

Sister wants a baby doll,
Brother wants a coasting sled.
Hello, Santy, did you hear?
Coasting sled is what I said;

And be sure to bring a tree—
Bring a big one like last year;
Things to fill the stockings, too.
Hello, Santy, did you hear?

Tinkle, tinkle—yes, ring off,
But don't forget the baby doll;
You might put in a gun and drum.
Thanks, dear Santa Claus, that's all.



COMPENSATION

IT snows upon the hillside,
Likewise upon the plains;
It snows upon the polar bears
And on the window-panes.

But if *I* get too chilly,
I've only got to be
Naughty, and my mother makes
It hot enough for me.

